

# The Athenian Mercury.

Tuesday, December 31. 1695.

## Poetical Mercury.

O N

*Christmas Day 1695.*

Part of the *Benedictus*, Luk. 1. 68.

He takes his tuneful Harp, runs o're th' instructed strings,  
And full of God, a midst th' admiring Crowd he sings.

Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, for he  
hath visited and redeemed his people.

Now we shou'd be sav'd from our En-  
emies, and from the Hands of all that hate  
us.

To perform the mercy promis'd to our  
Forefathers, and to remember his Holy Co-  
ovenant.

To perform the Oath which he swore to  
our Forefather Abraham.

Gen. 22. 16, 17. "He said, by my self  
I have I sworn, saith the Lord, for because  
thou hast done this thing, and hast not with-  
held thy Son, thine only Son.

That in Blessing I will bless thee, and in  
multiplying I will multiply thy Seed as the  
Stars of Heaven, and as the Sand which is  
upon the Sea-shore, and in thy Seed shall all  
the Nations of the Earth be blessed.

And thy Seed shall possess the Gates of his  
Enemies.

That we being delivered out of the bands  
of our Enemies, might serve him without  
Fear.

In Holiness and Righteousness before  
him all the days of our Life.

O Ever Blest ! What blessings shall we pay  
Thy truth ! Thy Power for this triumphant Day ?  
Their grateful Heart and Voice let Israel raise,  
And Glory in their great Redeemer's praise.

The Saviour comes, of David's sacred Line

[So oft of old in Songs Divine.  
Him hoary Patriarchs saw and did Desire,  
Him holy Prophets fill'd with Sacred Fire,  
From Heaven lov'd Enoch, \* whose prophetic Eye,  
Thro' many a distant rolling age cou'd spy,  
To him who last did on the stage appear,  
And saw and hail'd his glorious Reign \* so near.

Soon shall the expected future age begin,  
The Saviour soon shall trample Death, and sin,  
(The last the greater Foe) our chains unbind,  
And Vindicate the Freedom of Mankind.

Eternal as himself his Truth's secure,  
When aged Nature sinks his mercy shall endure.

He will not, cannot fail his promis'd Grace

To the great Founder of our sacred Race.

By his dread self he swore, who can't Repent;

He swore, and nodding shook the Firmament.

Abraham ! He said, to my firm word attend,

My best, my truest Servant, and my Friend.

Thou didst not thy lov'd Son in vain resign ;

Me thou thy Isaac gaveft, I'll give thee mine.

See where from thee, in decent order springs,

A glorious, and a numerous Race of Kings.

Last, that Great King whose Empire ne're sh. ~~Uccle~~,

The King of Glory, yet the Prince of Peace,

Whose easy yoke shall numerous subjects gain,

Who far as Earth's wide outstretcht bounds sh. ~~all~~

Mild to his Friends ; tho' terrible to those

Who so much Goodness dare, and Power, oppose

He shoots in vengeance on his dazzled Foes,

Protects his own, wide shakes his Iron Rod,

Whilest all obey the King, adore the God.

Thust the all high, and thence in Thunder went ;

Low kneel'd our faithfulire, and pay'd his full assent ;

And now time Labours with the vast Event ;

Soon shall the hoped Salvation now appear,

And banish Guilt at once, and banish Fear,

Goodness encrease and Equity o're flow,

Unite both Worlds, and make a Heaven below :

\* Vid. E-  
pist. Jude.

\* Malachy.

For the Athenians.

Gentlemen, the following words made on a Medal in France, on  
that Kings taking Mons; on one side the Medal the wings of a  
Dove over-shadowing K. J. The Reverse was K. Lewis, with a  
Thunder-

Thunder-bolt in his Hand levelled at Mons, done  
into English by a Friend of mine, who, I believe, writ  
what comes last, by way of Answer, (for that I found  
it in his Study) he being one very warmly Affected  
to the present Government.

*Proximas & similis R gnas Lodovice Tonanti,  
Vim summarum, sumnia cum fietate geris,  
Optimus exponis alis sed maximus armis  
Protegis hinc Anglo's, Teutonas inde feris;  
Quin coeant toto Titania fædera Rbeno,  
Illa aquilam tantum, Galia fulmen habet.*

### Done into English thus.

Next and most like the Thunderer thou dost reign,  
Great valour dost with piety maintain,  
Thy outstrecth' wings thy goodness do declare ;  
Thy greatness shews it self in feats of war ;  
One shelter does to injur'd Britain bring,  
T'other to Flanders proves a fatal sting.  
Altho the Titans League o're all the Rhine,  
In vain against thy mighty arm combine,  
With them we only a tame eagle find,  
But France in dreadful Thunder speaks her mind.

Quest. 1. I would fain know how you like these following lines, - the greatest fault I find is that they seem to b' brought to an end a little abruptly, and if you and I a'e of a mind, w<sup>s</sup> that you would in your next Mercury d'sire the Author to add a few more lines before the last 4. I beg you'll let me know in your next Mercury, that you excuse this trouble given you by, your already obliged servant.

When Golden Thunder-bolts are in thy hand,  
The Terror of thy arms who can withstand ?  
But sure thy Magazine at last grows low,  
Or else a Bolt at daring Baden throw,  
Or toward Namur which loud for Succour calls,  
'Gainst Williams Thunder which now rends her walls,  
Fly with relief swift as thy Fancied Dove,  
Then change thy shape and shew a Thundering Foe ;  
This done thy formidable Fleet convey,  
Out of Thoulon Command they scour the sea,  
Then t'other Trip to Barcelona take,  
And don't for ever that dear Town forsake ;  
Thus will thy title soon determin'd be  
Lord of the Land and Tyrant of the sea.  
No, No, Sham Thunderer 'tis all too late,  
Behold and tremble at impending fate,  
To prop thy ambition long thou'lt vainly strove,  
Thy self like Titan, but thy Foe like Jove.  
Yet faithless prince at length thou'lt be repaid,  
For murder'd subjects and for friends betray'd,  
Behold from Williams hand thy approachidg fall,  
See, tho' too late, to shun Perfidious Gaul :  
Behold a greater Thunderer than thou. K. W.

Fresh verdant Lawrels budding round his brow.  
While on thy Temples wither'd leaves appear,  
\* We profess inge- Sure sign the Winter of thy Grandeur's near.  
Upon thy fall shall Williams glory rise,  
niously we Till he ascend unto his native Skies ;  
can't tell Whilst willing people shall with tribute come,  
whether he As once the Nations to Imperial Rome ;  
has stole Whilst o're the Earth his hand the Scepter sways,  
from us, or And the glad Ocean his known Lord obeys,  
we from Time long had laboured with this mighty \* birth ;  
him. Tho' Tis now brought forth the off-spring awes the Earth.  
we suspect 'Tis he who glad diviners did presage,  
the latter. Should be a scourge to quell Tyrannick rage,

Who should 'gain the golden age restore,  
In more perfection than it knew before ;  
Behind his shield should sheltred Nations fight,  
While he asserted injur'd Europe's right ;  
Whose power should know no limits or Controul,  
His bounds extensive as his mighty Soul ;  
From the Sun rising to the distant room  
Where antient might does the bright Stars entomb,  
And where with burning beams the midday Sun,  
O're the scorcht Africars do's panting run ;  
And where Eternal Winter Reigns as King,  
Holding no Commerce with the kinder Spring.  
Long may he live and always in our love,  
And enter late the blest abodes above,  
The Crown be wore by him, or such as he,  
Till time be swallow'd in Eternity.

Ausm. The Latin verses we formerly met with, and Printed. As for your Friends in English which you've be so kind to send us, we are so far from thinking they end abruptly, that if there were half a score less of 'em they'd be ne're the worse, tho' there are indeed a pretty many good thoughts, and very noble Lines in 'em, as well as good verse. And some again as indifferent, as if they had been just coin'd at Athens.

### Advertisements.

AT Martins Coffee-house, over-against St. Lawrence's Church, near Guild-hall, London, will be Sold by Auction, a choice Collection of Valuable Latin and English Books, consisting of Divinity, History, Philosophy, Lives, Poetry, &c. Beginning on Thursday the 2d of January at three in the afternoon, and so daily till all be Sold. Catalogues may be had gratis at Mr. Wottons, at the three Daggers in Fleet-street, and Mr. Chandler at the Peacock in the Poultry (Booksellers) and at the place of Sale, where the Books may be view'd two days before the Sale.

ELIXIR STOMACHICUM : Or the great Cordial Elixir for the Stomach, of a delicate flavour and pleasant (but bitterish) Taste, to be drank at any time, but especially in a Morning in any Liquour, as Ale, Tea, Canary, &c. Which for the Scurvy, to purify the Blood, expel Wind, for all Indispositions of the Stomach ; as want of Appetite, Sickness, &c. for Vapours in Women, and three other most certain Vertues mentioned in the Bills sold with it, and to be had gratis at the Places where 'tis sold ; excells any one Medicine ever made publick to the World ; and of such Excellency and usefulness for all Persons, as never to be without it about them. 'Tis sold by some one Bookseller in most Cities and many great Towns in England. By Mr. Levingston, Fruiterer, at the Royal-Exchange-Gate; and at the most eminent Coffee-Houses, in or about London. Also by John Harris at the Raven in Little-britain; John Dunton at the Raven in Jewen-street, S. Hawkins in George-yard in Lombard street, Hugh Newman in the Poultry, H. Rhodes, at the Star in Fleet-street, Booksellers. The Author having appointed the three last only (besides himself) to sell it by Wholesale. Any Person wanting it to dispose of or sell again, may be there furnish'd with Allowance for selling. Price one Shilling each bottle, Retail.